

Moments by LittleAprilFlowers

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M, Gender-Neutral Pronouns, M/M, Reader-Insert

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Dustin Henderson, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Steve Harrington/Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington/Reader, Steve Harrington/You

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2017-12-01

Updated: 2017-12-01

Packaged: 2022-04-03 05:07:22

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 2

Words: 2,186

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Set in and around the known timeline of Stranger Things, these ficlets feature a relationship between Steve Harrington and the reader, with a reader whose gender is not explicitly specified. I originally posted these on my Tumblr blog as I received the requests for them there, but they have now been edited to suit readers of any gender.

None of the characters, nor the world they inhabit, belong to me. Stranger Things belongs to Netflix, the Duffer Brothers, and the wonderful cast and crew who have brought this story to life.

1. Confession

Author's Note:

Inspired by an anonymous request on my Tumblr for Steve defending the reader in an encounter with Billy Hargrove. Set just after season 2.

Feel free to request your own ficlet in the comments below if you enjoyed this one!

It came as no surprise that some weird shit had been going down at the Department of Energy lab in Hawkins after all. But when your childhood friend Steve finally sat you down and told you just exactly what weird shit had been going down, you were not entirely sure whether to believe him. Beginning at the time last year when Will Byers went missing, right up until this exact moment where he had driven you to a quiet spot out of town for a chat, and between the descriptions of a parallel dimension, evolving slug monsters, a girl with superpowers, and government conspiracies, you had to resist the urge to burst out of the car and run home praying your best friend wasn't entirely crazy.

"Well," you manage to reply after a painful silence, "that does explain why you gave that Dustin kid a ride to the Snow Ball."

Steve exhales in relief. "Thank God. I know it sounds crazy – trust me, I know – but I promise that everything I've told you is the truth. I couldn't keep it a secret from you anymore."

"So why are you telling me all this now?" You ask.

"Because I care about you? Because I didn't want to lie anymore, or at least keep avoiding the truth?" he replies, "You should know. And you should know that it's safe now. The gate's closed. None of it can come back."

"And Hopper was in on it the whole time?"

"Yeah."

“So Barb wasn’t poisoned by chemicals from the lab. She was... taken?”

“Yeah.”

“And she won’t be coming back either? Because she’s...”

“Yeah.”

“Shit.”

Silence falls once more. You think about what else there is to say, but what could you add? Too many questions rattle around in your mind for one to appear the most pressing to offer. “Do you still have the bat with the nails?” You inquire eventually.

Steve can’t help but grin, and he laughs, amused that it’s the first thing you say. “Uh huh. It’s in the trunk. You wanna see?”

You nod, and both of you clamber out of the car into the chill of the night air. Steve hurries around to the back and pops the trunk, picking up an old jacket which had been pushed right to the back, one you had assumed incorrectly that he used as some kind of oil rag. He unwraps it almost reverently and there it is, nails and all.

“It’s been cleaned.” You observe, surprising even yourself with your tone of disappointment.

“It was kinda gross. I didn’t want to keep it in my car with blood and stuff on it.” Steve states, and he hands you the bat. You give it a practice swing and Steve smiles proudly. “You look pretty badass.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah.” He confirms, and then leans in to kiss you, a hand settling on your hip as you lower the bat and kiss him back. The sound of a car drawing near causes you to break apart. The engine is loud and clearly powerful, and a spike of panic stabs in your chest when you realise that there is only one person in the whole of Hawkins who drives a car which sounds like that, and they’re just the kind of person to be roaring around the back roads with it at night. Billy Hargrove.

As you move to get back into the car before the blue Camaro passes, Steve holds your wrist and shakes his head. You frown at him questioningly. Although he had been vague on the details until tonight, you had seen the cuts and bruises from the last time Steve had gone up against Billy. Now you understood that Steve was defending Max and the other kids, but Billy was sure to be pissed about losing. If he saw you both, he would definitely pull over, and not do so to have a friendly chat.

“Steve, we should go.”

“Wait. I wanna see if he stops.”

“He will stop. That’s why we should go. Or at least sit in the car. Maybe he’ll just pass.”

“Hang on.”

Sure enough, the Camaro hurtles into view, its headlights blinding in their brightness as they cut through the once peaceful darkness. With both you and Steve caught in the harsh glow, the car slows down as expected. You are frozen with anxiety as it slows to a standstill only a few yards away. Billy climbs out and closes the driver’s door with an emphatic thud, taking in Steve’s fingers wrapped around your wrist.

“Harrington.” he says, and the smile on his face is forced until his eyes shift onto you and take on a more interested stare. You try not to squirm under his scrutiny and force yourself at the same time not to look away.

“What do you want?” Steve asks.

“Nothing. Just saw you’d stopped out here. Need a hand?”

“No.”

“I hope you’re not up to anything unsavoury.” Billy says, stepping closer. Steve doesn’t move either closer to Billy or to you, but his hand tightens on you. Billy hasn’t noticed the baseball bat in your other hand that hangs at your side, which is hidden by Steve’s legs. “It would be a shame to ruin such a pretty young thing’s reputation.”

“I hear that’s more your style, Hargrove.”

“Bold words, I’ll give you that. So we gonna do this?”

“Do what?”

“You know what, Harrington. Come on. I’m sure your bitch will step up to the plate when you hit the floor like a sack of bricks. Hell, might even do better. Maybe I’ll go easy. God knows I’d like to try.”

A feeble insult yanks at your tongue but it is halted as Steve steps forward. Billy doesn’t move. Neither boy makes no effort to start a fight straight away; they just stare at each other. But Billy makes the first mistake. His eyes drift just for a second from Steve’s face to the modified bat in your hand. His confident smirk waivers. “Trust you to cheat. Bringing a knife to a fist fight.”

Steve swings but Billy sees him coming. He dodges and follows with a heavy uppercut to Steve’s gut, and sure enough, he staggers backwards clutching his stomach, already winded. Billy flexes proudly and winks at you, his grin reasserted. “Now’s your chance, sweet thing. Hop into the car and wait for me while I finish up here, huh? I’ll take you on a proper date. Not drag you out to the ass end of nowhere and f—“

He is cut off as Steve tackles him to the ground with a furious shout, and you lurch forward with the bat raised to close the distance between the two boys and you as they wrestle in the dirt. Both grunt in pain and exertion, and are already bleeding. Steve rolls on top of Billy and then pushes away, scrambling across the ground and managing to rise to his feet in the same amount of time that it takes for Billy just to sit up. He rests on his hands and goes to rise when he lifts his head and comes face to face with you wielding Steve’s bat.

You point the end at his nose and give him what you hope is an intimidating glare. Billy smirks, his bottom lip split and bleeding. “You like to play rough, huh?”

“Get out of here.” You mutter, “Before you regret it.”

Billy laughs but stands, lifting his hands in surrender and shaking his

head. He backs away and gives Steve one last satisfied smile before getting back into his car. You keep the bat lifted and move to Steve's side, your free arm wrapped around his middle with him leaning on you as Billy pulls away and speeds off into the night.

"You were really brave." Steve pants, offering a smile that hurts his bruised eye as he hisses through it.

"And you were really stupid. Get in the car and drive us to my house. I need to patch you up." You insist, having to help Steve back over to his car and into his seat. Maybe later you would chastise him, tell him off for his rash actions. But for now you just wanted to get him somewhere safe.

2. Comfort

Summary for the Chapter:

Set in and around the known timeline of Stranger Things, these ficlets feature a relationship between Steve Harrington and the reader, with a reader whose gender is not explicitly specified. I originally posted these on my Tumblr blog as I received the requests for them there, but they have now been edited to suit readers of any gender.

None of the characters, nor the world they inhabit, belong to me. Stranger Things belongs to Netflix, the Duffer Brothers, and the wonderful cast and crew who have brought this story to life.

Notes for the Chapter:

Set after the part in season 2 where Nancy admits she doesn't love Steve, this ficlet where the reader tries to comfort their friend - and long term crush - was requested and therefore originally posted on Tumblr.

If you enjoyed this ficlet and want something of your own, please do not hesitate to drop a request in the comments below!

“Hey Steve.”

At the mention of his name the young man turns around, and upon seeing his friend approach, he smiles and pats the space on the bench next to him.

“Hey. Glad you could make it. You got a second to talk?”

You sit beside him, a comfortable closeness between the pair of you. This wasn't a new thing – you have been friends with Steve since before you were able to clearly remember. Through countless years

and growing pains, you'd been almost inseparable. Almost. Then Nancy had come along – she was The One for him - and she swept Steve up, leaving him with a lot less time to spend with you. But you didn't mind. He was happy; therefore, you were happy, even if that unwanted jealous niggles in your heart might argue otherwise.

Sometimes you would recall the jokes your parents had made about the pair of you being made for each other when Steve used to insist you played with him and none of the other kids. He still had that same determination, that same lopsided smile and bright brown eyes, the same earnest affection and enthusiasm for you that he always had. But he'd been different recently – ever since that Byers kid disappeared and then reappeared. The whole of Hawkins seemed to change from that point on, Steve included.

It worries you.

“Sure. Is something wrong?” You ask, masking your concern. Rumours had confirmed your suspicions even before Steve had left the note on your locker, the one asking you to meet him out here. Trouble in paradise, so the saying went. Steve was having girl problems.

“I don't know. Maybe. I was hoping you could help me figure that out.” Steve admits, and he turns to you now so that he is facing you when he speaks, “You know the house party the other night? I went with Nancy. She's still having a hard time over Barb.”

You know how close the two girls were. Everyone in your year did. They seemed to always be together, whether in class or roaming the halls at school, or hanging out at the diner or the bowling alley in town. Barb's disappearance must have hit Nancy hard; she's lucky to have Steve.

“I can imagine.” You reply with a sympathetic nod. “I heard about the private investigator thing, with her parents.”

“Yeah. Nancy and I were the first people they told, I think. But we were at this party, after they told us, and Nancy got stupid drunk. She thought that was what I wanted her to do.”

“She thought you wanted her to get stupid drunk?” You repeat, a little surprised. It wasn’t something you would expect of Nancy Byers – she was a straight A student, real yearbook starlet material. Getting blackout drunk at a house party didn’t seem like her calling card.

“She was mad at me, and I get why now. Last year, with Barb going missing, and the whole thing with Will Byers and everything else that happened... She’s been having a tough time, and I didn’t see it, didn’t notice until it was too late.”

“Did she say anything to you? While she was drunk?”

“She said she didn’t love me.”

Flinching from the statement as if you had been physically struck, you blink at Steve, reduced to wordlessness as he too remains silent. You gradually recover and reach out to lay a hand over his.

“Steve, I... I’m sorry.” You manage to murmur, “But everyone says stupid things when they’ve been drinking, don’t they? She couldn’t have meant it, however she said it.”

“Bullshit. It’s what she said. That me and her, we’re bullshit.” Steve explains, and he looks away now to poorly try and hide the fact that he is close to tears. His hand remains under yours and you feel it trembling under your fingers.

“Steve.” You say his name, attempting to coax him into facing you again, “Hey. You’re not to blame here. You have to talk to her.”

“It doesn’t matter. There’s nothing to talk about.”

“Steve, come on. Nancy Byers was made for you, you said it yourself. And if you were wrong, it doesn’t matter. You’ve got your whole life ahead of you, right?”

Now he does meet your gaze again. There is clearly something else on his mind, his mouth twitching with words he won’t say. You release his hand from your own and lift your arm to drape it over his shoulders, pulling him into your side. Steve leans close without hesitation; his carefully styled hair pressed to you without care for its condition, for once. You feel him shudder as he struggles to keep the

tears back.

“It’s gonna be okay.” You assure him, “I’m here with you. I always will be.”

“I know.” Steve says softly.